

## Hold your hands honest Men, FOR

Here's a good wife hath a Husband that likes her,  
In every respect, but onely he strikes her,  
Then if you desire to be held men compleat,  
What ever you doe your wives doe not beat.

To the tune of, *Keep a good tongue &c.*



I have as compleat a man,  
as any poore woman can,  
He makes my heart to leap,  
His company to kepe,  
it comforts me now and than:  
There's few exercises,  
That man enterpryses,  
but he will bider standes,  
Yet like a dart,  
He wondres my heart,  
I for my part,  
Must beare the smart  
For he cannot rule his hands.  
  
His body is straight and tall,  
proportioned well withall,  
You may admire at him,  
To see howe every limbe,  
doth in a due order stand:  
In every respect,  
He's void of defect,  
his legs are straight as wands,  
His back is strong,  
His armes are long,  
Hee's fresh and yong,  
There's nothing iu wrong,  
If he could but rule his hands.  
  
He hath a grave aspen,  
his forehead he'll seldom deject,  
His eyes clere and bright,  
Like stars doe give a light,  
not squinting but full direct,  
His haire's very big,  
Like a Perywig,

in comely sort it stands,  
So curiously,  
It passeth me  
Capacity  
To s' pettie  
Or that he could rule his hands.  
  
For his agilitie  
all lone his company  
He's nimble and quick,  
Performing many a trick,  
which other men dare not try,  
To vault o're a table,  
Few men are so able,  
his jointes he so well commands  
None in this towne  
Can put him daun,  
His great renowne  
Should be my crowne  
If that he could rule his hands.  
  
He'll braverly pitch the Bar,  
I neare haue none so far,  
For throwing the stone  
He's equal'd by none,  
which many times ha'eds a jar  
But if they will quarrel,  
Tis at their owne perill,  
for he on his credit stands,  
The proudest he  
What ere he be,  
Hee makes him sic,  
But woe is me,  
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The second part, To the same tune.



**H**e's valaile with the best  
that's either for north or  
when he comes i'th field (west).  
The stoutest will yield,  
for he excedeas all the rest:  
For leaping and running,  
His wondrestall cumming,  
is spread through divers lands,  
He'll dance, he'll sing,  
With art he'll ring,  
Yet for nothing  
He'll throw and sling,  
and cannot rule his hands.  
  
He's learn'd in many arts,  
he travell'd in many parts,  
His pleasant discourse  
Makes many persone,  
to yeild to him their hearts,  
He is no way vicious,  
He's very judicious,  
and many things understandes,  
I dare to tell  
He loues me well,  
If I drinke him wel  
He's fierce and sel,  
and cannot rule his hands.  
  
For Parttiall discipline,  
whose Husband pasteth mine,  
I'm pround in god troth,  
To see how he doth  
like Mars in his armour shine,  
He tosseth a Pike,  
You ne're saw the like,  
he learn'd it i'th Paster lands  
For Musket shot,

His equall's not,  
Alas God wot,  
It's too hot,  
and cannot rule his hands.  
  
He'll draw the long bow as wel  
as ever did Adam Bell,  
There's no man of strength,  
Exceeds him in length,  
as all that know him can tel:  
I speake without lying,  
He'll hit a bird flying,  
and shoot throught haile bands  
But few men dare  
with him comparz,  
I would not care,  
To see her's spare,  
on whom he did use his hands.  
  
As he is wel qualiside,  
in which no way can be beside,  
So I with my heart,  
Doe honest his desart,  
he hath my affection ty'd:  
Though sometimes I speake,  
My self being weake,  
a man that understandes  
so much as he,  
should patient be,  
And beare with me,  
How well were I  
if he could but rule his hands.

M.P.

F I N I S.  
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